IN DEAD MAN'S CAMP

STARTLING EXPERIENCE IN A NEW SOUTH WALES JUNGLE.

An Eloping Couple Overtaken in the Night by the Dead Husband Strapped to His Thoroughbred.

Pall Mall Gazette.

It was, I think, either in the summer of 1873 or 1874, that I was crossing over from St. George's Bridge to Kalwall. I had been to a rush at Bingera, N. S. W., but as it proved a rank duffer got up by the local storekeeper, I quickly gave it best and made back by the Bridge in hopes of getting a droving job from gulf down south. It was hot weather. Queenslanders will remember that summer, or at least, certain days of it, when birds fell dead off the trees and men were stricken down by the dozen. There's no drearier track in Australia than the one I speak of-all pine scrub, too thick for a dog to bark in, and sand deep and heavy. There was nothing doing in the Bridge, so I started off for Barcoo, via Berrie and Bringagee. It was only the beginming of the hot season, and I reckoned on finding water at a hole in the Mullungudgeree creek, known of aforetime, and about twenty-five miles from the township. It was a lovely ride that, with nothing but walls of scrub on either hand and glaring ahead. The horses, too, seemed to feel it as they plowed along with bent down heads, hardly troubling to shake their flyflappers and disperse the black masses clustering at each eye. One's veil, even was poor protection, for they gathered in such clouds as to actually obscure the sight. However, shogging along, with a water bag now and then, I at length reached the creek. Following it down, I found the hole, already pretty thick and presently made more so by the pack horse and the dog before I could get up to stop them wallowing. The sun was setting-a big red ball over the tops of the scrub-as I pitched the tent, made the fire and slung the billy. Then, as there was fair picking around the camp, I hobbled the horses long and belled them. After supper-biscuits, sardines and cheese, washed down by tea thrice skimmed and strained-I felt pretty comfortable and lay on my blankets to enjoy a good smoke. By this time the hot sun had set and the moon was risingbig, yellow and hot-looking, too. It was a lonely camp, and, accustomed to solitude

as I was, I felt it. Doubtless the feeling

was accentuated by the presence all round

of the thick scrub and the knowledge that

there was no settlement about. Present-

ly a little bird, known to the bushmen as

the "shepherd's companion," settled on

the ridge pole and piped at regular inter-

vals in a shrill, quick monotone: "Pretty

little creature! Sweet, pretty little crea-

ture!" and I felt very grateful to him.

This and the snoring of my dog, who had

fallen fast asleep on the strength of a

tin of sardines, were the only sounds

THE STRANGERS ARRIVE. I was fast getting drowsy and thinking of turning in when I heard the noise of hoofs coming thump, thump down the dry bed of the creek. The dog awoke and barked loudly, and in another minute a man and a woman rode into the opening and up to the fire. They each carried a big swag in front of them, and at a glance I saw that their horses were not only well bred, but had traveled far and fast. "Water!" exclaimed the man. I gave him some, and he lifted his companion off and handed her the mug. "We're travelin', mate," exclaimed he, as I helped him to un-"We got bushed atween here an' the Bokhira. It's a bit o' damned bad country." They had not come from that direction at all, but it was no business of mine, so I passed no remark. They had plenty of tucker with them, and I slung the billy again. She was a fresh-looking, pleasant-faced girl of about eighteen or nineteen, bush born and bred, one could see that at a glance, and probably able to ride like a centaur. He was one of type I knew A cattle man all over, from the long, curved legs to the lean, sharp-eyed, resolute face; also from his saddle I noticed stockwhip with curiously carved After supper I offered them the use of the tent, which was thankfully accepted. "The missis," said he, "'ll only be too glad of the chance. We've had to lie out this couple o' nights." So they took their swags inside, while I lay at the fire, with a pack saddle for a pillow and the dog at my feet. When I awoke, as most bushmen do, about midnight, clouds were sailing over the moon and the air felt chilly. Throwing more wood on the fire, I stood warming myself while I filled my pipe. I could hear the bells not very far off in the scrub and knew by their steady tinkling that the animals had found a good patch and were contented. Suddenly a loud neigh broke the stillness, followed by the rumbling whinny with which a straggling horse greets the presence of others. Then I could hear the quick rattle of hobble chains as our four galloped up to meet the newcomer. There was a pause for a minute, then a regular snorting stampede, as they crashed wildly away through the scrub, their bells ringing in

"Bother," thought I, "that means a long walk in the morning unless they take a turn." Knocking the ashes out of my pipe and preparing to He down again in rather a bad temper, I heard the tramp of a single horse making steadily toward our camp. As the steps came nearer the dog growled and snarled lowly, and, with the hair abou his neck bristling like a rull, backed slowly

THE GHOSTLY HORSEMAN. Noticing this, a cold feeling of disquiet and nervousness crept upon me-one, in fact, as near fright as they make it. Just then the moon shone out full on the figure of a horseman emerging from the scrub and coming straight for me, his head drooping forward and his whole body swaying in the saddle.

At this sight my courage revived wonderfully. Drunken riders are common enough in the bush, and I sung out gruffly and with a note of ill-temper in "Better get off, mate, before you tumble off." He would be a nuisance. no doubt, and I inwardly fumed as he sat there in the moonbeams quite help less, one hand clutching the reins, the other on the horse's wither, his chin on his

breast and his broad-leafed hat well down The dog, his head alone visible outside the tent door, still growled in one long, hoarse snarl, with, at intervals, a second's break for fresh breath-a most unearthly noise, and one the like of which I never recollected in all our long companionship

muttered, disgustedly, "you crunken brute. I suppose I'll have to come and help you off. And going up on the near side of the brown horse with white star and snip, standing very queitly there, I placed my hand on the rider's. It was like ice ing up quickly I saw a black-whiskered face, ashen gray in the moonlight, with wide open eyes, fixed and glassy, staring vacantly into my own. All at once, realizing the terror of the thing, I jumped hurriedly back and shouted, I know not what, At the sound of my voice the dog lifted up his head and wailed long and loudly Then another voice in the tent cursed him heartily and in a minute the stranger came out and walked to the fire and vawned and stretched himself, not notice ing me standing in the shadow of a sap-Eyeing the motionless horseman presently lounged up and doubtfully under the broad back; started his instinct. at the brands plainly visible on the horse's near shoulder; then advancing, placed his hand as I had done on that so cold one and exclaiming, "--! It's him!" rushed away to the tent. There was an excited muttering, and in a minute the pair scuttled out and began to hurriedly fumble for

the bridles, casting shy giances at the figure which, as the horse began to strain its head down in the attempt to free the reins from that steel-like grasp, kept nid-nodding TIED TO THE SADDLE Meanwhile, taking heart of grace from their presence, I ran and caught the horse,

beginning to stray toward the bells, returning now. Leading it back I noticed that the man's legs were fastened tightly by saddle and breastplate straps running from the D's in front to those on the cantle. With some trouble I undid them. As I worked the chin strap slipped, the jaw fell and the white teeth gleamed suddenly into such an awful grin that I let go and

fell off and revealed the features of a quite young man with coal black hair and mustache and beard flecked with dabs of dry foam. Even at its best I should have called it a bad, cruel face. Now it was simply hideous. The traveler was slinging off into the scrub, the woman at his heels, when, all at once, she turned and came swiftly to where I stood staring at that ghastly visage. "Here," said she, brusquely, "I'll help you. 'Tain't fair to leave you the whole contract. He was a real bad 'un. she went on, trying vainly to loosen the stiffened fingers' grip on the reins, "but he couldn't scare me when he was alive, an' I ain't agoin' to let him do it now. See! this was the last bit he done!" and she paused to brush aside her long hair and show a great red scar, even now only half healed, running across temple and forehead. "Cut 'em!" she exclaimed impatiently, and beginning to tremble nerva ously, as one whose strength has been overtaxed. "He's had a stroke o' the sun or a fit with rage an', feelin' it coming, tied himself in the saddle. There," with a long sigh of relief as I severed the leather, now let him slide down gently. Easy, Bonnie, old girl!" "He was my husband," she exclaimed. simply, looking at the corpse as, with legs still saddle bent, it lay on the sand. "He was jealous of his own shadder. First time he walled me I said nothin', Second time I

said nothin'. Third time I cleared with t'other chap yonder. We was only married three weeks. If he'd a caught usand she smiled out of a white face just hard with horror and detestation and pointed significantly to a revolver in the dead man's belt. Walking away she presently returned with a blanket from their swag and carefully spread it over the corpse. Then, as the man came up with the horses and began to saddle them, she said: "Me an' Jim's goin' over to St. George. We'll likely get switched there. He uster own Warra cattle station on the Moonee. Jim was stockman. We'll send the traps out soon as we gets in. So long, an' many

"So long, mate!" called the man, with a tremor in his voice that was lacking in the woman's. And they rode away, two dark shapes on the moonlit opening, until the scrub swallowed them. "Died by the visitation of God," said the coroner's jury. "Served him right," said the district gen-

RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Mr. Arnold's daily life, and I count it no

(Third Paper.) I was interested to know something of

infraction of the rules of hospitality or propriety to give some facts which I learned from Mrs. Woodhouse at dinner that day. Her father was an incessant reader, and always read with pen in hand, making copious notes. He was an early riser and worked in his library without any refreshment until the breakfast hour at 9 o'clock. After breakfast he resumed his work, and continued it until 2 or 3 o'clock, when he was ready for a long ramble of an hour or two in company with his daughter, over the Surrey hills. He was a good shot, and kept dogs, and always took them with him in these excursions. When I had the honor of entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Arnold at Indiapapolis during his lecture tour in 1883 a partnership dog, owned or claimed by Myron Reed and me, presented himself at the hall door and insisted upon coming in with the guests. It was a sleety February day, and I was on the point of shutting the door against "John," but Mr. Arnold said, "Let John come in," as he stooped and patted him on the head. John recognized him by some sort of freemasonry and seemed to understand that he was indebted to his new friend for the privilege of curling up on a rug that evening in the midst of good company instead of staying in his cold and lonesome kennel. John was a stray, and, so far as we could learn, an unregistered pointer, who had been abandoned by some pot hunter who had worn him out during the shooting season. He was found in my outhouse, rheumatic and emaclated, and by virtue of starvation and ill treatment had become a pessimistic "tramp." At first he snarled when food was offered to him, but kindness brought him aroun! at last, and in a few months he became a favorite with all the children in the neighborhood. If the night was cold he would leave his kennel and cross the street to Reed's home, and if a light was burning in the preacher's library John would give one peremptory knock at the door, and, being admitted, would stretch himself before the fire, with his nose on his paws, and watch the preacher while he was writing one of his inimitable sermons, or, if in the mood, reading the very latest novel. Reed said he always knew when our family had gone to bed by John's signal at his door. John went to Denver with the preacher and soon died. One of the most pathetic things I ever read was Reed's letter describing the last hours of our old friend and the sadness of the household at the time. He said he then resolved he would have no more dogs about the house, but one day he came home and found his little daughter fondling an ill-favored puppy with "a Websterian head, thick tail and enormous feet." He ordered it out of the house, but the child pleaded for her pet and said she had taken it from a boy who was about to "drown him in the cold water." That settled it, and puppy became a member of the family. If the dog is living yet you may be sure that he will stay by his friend Myron-call him what you will, Populist, Communist or Anarchist. Colonel Ingersoll once said that the more he saw of men the better he liked dogs. There is something lacking in the make-up of a man who does not take kindly to an affectionate dog. Reed told me once he doubted the power of divine grace to save one of the elect, a deacon of the Presbyterian Church, because he had poisoned two beautiful setters belonging to a neighbor just before going to prayer meeting. I told Mrs. Woodehouse that her father's

many friends would look with interest to the gathering of a biography, but she answered that it would not be according to her father's wish if his life were written. He had seen so many caricatures under the guise of biographies that he preferred to rest his claims for fame and usefulness on what he had written and published. It is strange to many that Mr. Arnold wrote no poetry, or at least published none, during the last twenty years of his life, a period during which, in other lines of literary work, he was so productive. His family and friends say that his standard was so high and his critical judgments so sweeping that he preferred to write none, rather than to produce what might be classed as unsound or inferior. He was not much of a letter writer, and was in the habit of using his daughter as his amanuensis. Notwithstanding Mr. Arnold's disinclination to have his life written, it would surely be very grateful to the many and certainly increasing number of the admirers of his writings to know as much as possible of the man who has exercised such a powerful formative influence upon the thought of the present generation. I have heard also that Mr. Arnold was in the habit of destroying letters written to him. In this he was like Sidney Smith, who was a friend of Sir James MacIntosh, and who, when the daughter of Sir James, after her father's death, was collecting materials for his biography, wrote to Dr. Smith for letters, answered that he had made it a rule to promptly destroy every letter he received from any human being. This was a great mistake. The world would know but one side, and that not the best. of some of its greatest men, were it not in a friendly fashlon most horrible to look | for the charming letters they wrote. Where is there more delightful reading than the letters of Cowper, Swift, Heine, Carlyle, Emerson, Motley, Doctor Arnold, and scores of others that might be named. Even the old bear, Dr. Johnson, shows the velvet on his paws in the two volumes of his letters to Mrs. Thrale and others, which were published nearly a hundred years ago.

When the ladies retired and the gentlemen gathered about their host at the top of the table, where the port was served a remark of Lord Coleridge led to a constepped hastily back again. The hat now versation about the American judiclary.

The Lord Chancellor looks upon the short tenures of our judges and their election by a popular vote as an abomination, and in this he is probably in line with the current opinion among thoughtful Americans. There is something shocking in the spectacle of a candidate for a place upon the bench going about with the ward workers and heelers and counseling with the local bosses concerning the best method of fixing things at the primary, and taking an active part in all the questionable proceedings which go by the name of practical politics. "How often have we seen judges juggling with their consciences in their efforts to do what they believe to be right without offending some active party workers who claim to have fixed the delegates in the convention, and thus secured their nomination for the places they hold? It was broadly intimated at a recent meeting of the Marion county bar that influential attorneys were working in the interest of certain candidates for the judgeships, that they might have a pull upon the judicial robe. And when the ticket is named the candidates for judge are fleeced by the campaign managers to raise funds for socalled "legitimate expenses." Judge Livingston Howland once had the courage to resent this extortion, and from that moment lost his availability as a candidate, though nobody questioned his splendid ability as a judge. For decency's sake, gentlemen of the committees. Republican and Democratic, put a stop to this shameless business. The disgraceful occurrence at the last Republican State convention, when an honest judge was defeated for renomination for the Supreme Court by an association of officeholders who were banded logether to defeat the popular will as expressed in the fee and salary law, is still fresh in our memory. The courageous magistrate was punished because he recognized the binding obligation of his judicial oath. It was an instructive object lesson, inculcating the importance of an independent judiciary. "See," said the Lord Chancellor, "the contrast between your federal judges, who are appointed and have a life tenure, and your judges who are elected, and whose tenure depends upon the whim of party managers." When the mails are stopped; when business is paralyzed; when many good people fear that we are on the verge of anarchy and that popular government is a failure, we turn to the federal judiciary for the maintenance of law and order, and for the protection of life and property.

Of many things said there about English politicians and English poncies, it is not for me to speak; only let me say that the English women are keenly alive to all public questions, and discuss them with a relish and vigor which would surprise those who imagine that these high-bred ladies are wholly absorbed in frivolous occupations. W. P. FISHBACK.

DEBS OF THE A. R. U.

A Sollloquy Which Just About States

I am Debs, Reb Debs. And I don't give a snap Of my finger Nor a continental Nor a cuss Nor a tinker's dam Nor any other thing For the U. S. Or the American Union Or any other Union Except my Union Which is the Union The American Railway Union. I am sui generis And what I say Is ex cathedra And goes Because I say it. sat on my throne And as I sat felt my oats. longed for glory And for power And for a chance to talk And get into the papers And incidentally To hang on To the soft snap I've got And so I said strike And my subjects bowed down And struck as one man-That's what I tell you That's power. And old Roderick Dhu Ain't in it No more. guess that just now People think I'm some. And that I've given Your old Uncle Sam A case of internal colic That'll double him up Quick. And if he tries To call me Or mine Down There'll be blood Blood by the bucket Way above the bridles But there won't be None of mine Not much I'm no fool And I know enough To go in when it rains. What's that? Attorney-general Olney May make it hot For me! For me, Debs The Debs Debs of the A. R. U. Me guilty of treason? Or of conspiracy Against the U. S And interstate commerce And of inciting To violence And to murder? Well now I must smile really must What do you think I'm here for? Let Olney come on ain't scared Not a bit. Haven't 1 tied up roads Put up the price of meats And food generally And made the poor man's dollar Buy less Than it did? Well I guess. If Olney

Reb Debs. Flowers by Mail.

And sorter stir things up

'Cause that's my way,

Wants to ret after ma

Has got to be punished

But after the fellers

I ain't done nothing

As done the things.

And draw my pay.

He oughtn't to get after me.

Let him come

Let him remember

I've simply bossed

I aint' done no

And if any one

Except sit back

Safe and easy

For I'm Debs

Harmful act.

And talked,

Have you a tiny window garden? Do you sometimes feel you would like to cut off one or two of the petted blooms for some distant friend if only you knew how to securely pack the frail blossoms for the mail? Delicate opening sprays can be packed so that they will travel two days and two nights and be none the worse for the jour-

Always mail flowers in the evening. They get a fine start before the rush in the daily mails delay them, and, beside, flowers are best picked in the dark when the sunshine and the warmth of the day are not drawing the sap to the surface. Cut the stems as long as possible, then, before the moisture has time to escape. lightly dip the end of each stem in melted wax: that from a lighted taper will do. Wet some cotton wadding and wrap it in a

only a thin layer cover the flowers them-Around the cotton wrap a big piece of tin foil, taking care that it does not press upon the flowers. Line the box with some crumpled newspaper, well moistened. When the nosegay is in and the cover on, take as stiff a piece of brown paper as you can find and paste strips of it around the box wherever the air is liable to get in, for the flowers to carry well must be kept airtight. Then wrap the box in a paper and

big wet mass around the stems, letting

With a tin cracker box and a little cotton the work of packing is nothing, for the tin keeps out the air, so that neither tin foil nor pasting is necessary.

Not on the Shelf. Washington Post.

When an American citizen looks in Gladstone's direction he is moved to wonder what would be the matter with John Sher-

STAGE STRUCK FOLK

WILL HERE LEARN HOW AN ACTOR GETS A JOB OR HOW HE DOESN'T.

Character Study of "Heavies," Leading "Juveniles," Soubrettes, Coryphees and All the Rest.

New York Herald. If you want to see life as it is lived at the end of this century go to a swell dramatic agency of the day, and hurry up, too, for everything is in a hurry there. These dramatic agencies used to thrive about Broadway and Astor place. Then, as the theaters moved up town, they followed to Fourteenth street, later to Twenty-third street, until to-day they are all hanging their shingles up in Herald square. To be a dramatic agent of to-day-that is, a successful one-you have got to be an Admirable Crichton-a sort of fellow that Gilbert hit off so admirably in his descrip-

tion of a heavy dragoon. The little fellow with whom I talked about his business, surely had the pluck of Lord Nelson, the nerve of Pasteur and the callousness of Zola. He could act, sing and possibly fight. He took me into his confidence at once. He occupies a floor which is rather more than the ordinary dramatic agent cares to venutre upon. He has an anteroom, a piano and a musical director. He said: "Sit down for a few moments in my anteroom and get impressions." I sat down and got these. It was the busiest time of the busiest season in the dramatic agency business. There were books neatly labeled, in which you were expected to register your name as at a tooth extractor's. The books read: "Leading," "Juvenile," "Heavies," "Characters," "Comedy," "Old Men." "Chorus." "Ingenues." "Sou-

brettes" and "Variety." When I took my seat on a very informally upholstered sofa there were two ladies and five men in the room. I placed one lady, who was fifty-five if she was a day, as a leading old lady. I heard her go into the sanctum and have her voice tried as a chcrus girl. A hollow-chested young fellow, who coughed constantly, was said to e one of the best song and dance artists in the world. He swaggered into the sanctum with the drag-your-toe manner so characteristic of his class and came out

"Booked for sixty per," he remarked to a washed-out looking blonde, who seemed fearful that the color in her cheeks would fade before she made her plea. THE DIVORCED LADY. Just then a cab was heard to stop in

front of the building. Every one who could looked out of the window. A very attractive young woman ran impatiently up

"I must see Mr. Jones at once," she said to the small boy who officiated as usher. "Take my card in." Afterward Mr. Jones told me that the

pretty woman had just got a divorce granted by Judge something or other on statutory grounds, and that he had, therefore, been able to place her in a first-class company for about \$150 a week, provided that she could get her photographs into the Sunday papers. While I was wondering how any Sunday paper could omit her, a very small and fragile-looking little boy came into the anteroom led by a very big and stout woman. I now felt like a character in Zola's "Lourdes," and did not

care what happened. I discovered that the little boy was a "Lord Fauntleroy," or anything of that sort, and that the old woman would do Lady Macbeth, or, if the worst came to the worst, would put up a big dumbbell or ride a bicycle. . They both passed into the sanctum and came out with an unengaged look. I was looking intently upon the pattern of the carpet, which was brand new-the carpet, not the patternwhen the door was thrown open with authority and a beautiful young thing blew in. He was male. There was no mistake about that, from his high hat down to his yellow shoes. Actors are alone allowed

the privilege of wearing "dicers" and Rus-I knew before he moved that he would register as a leading juvenile. Oh, yes, anything from "Romeo" to "Billy the Smug." He hadn't long to wait. If he wasn't wanted he was off like a bird. His long-tailed coat seemed to grow a few inches longer while he was in the place and two chorus girls in the corner-back row giris-who were sitting on one chair tried their hardest to attract his eye. heard afterward about his tale of hard luck. How he had had a row with his manager because they both admired the same woman, "by ged, sir." His particular style of young actor did not seem to be in demand that afternoon, for I know that after a few painful moments with the agent the handsome young chap sauntered once more into Herald square and watched the Evening Telegram go to press, as so many others do.

A REAL SENSATION. Having been primed for sensations, I was not a bit alarmed when a very smart looking woman, heavily veiled, found her way into the antechamber. I imagine she was expected, for the agent's boy whispered once or twice to her and then she stepped at once into his room. A moment afterward the inner door was opened and the musical director, who also plays on a type machine, was called in.

In a moment a flood of melody surged through the waiting room. Somebody had taught this woman to sing divinely. The song and dance men, the strong men, the infant prodigies who were waiting recognized at once the compelling power of the human voice in melody. I got so excited myself that I used or abused the privilege given me and went into the manager's

There were the fat old Dutchman's fingers spread over the keys as any musidirector's should be, there was the manager lying back in his chair possessed of music, and there was the woman singing as few women can sing. But she was hideous. Voice, art and method were hers. She lacked the one attribute that makes women irresistible. She was ugly-a faire peur. Her price was, therefore, very small I forgot what she asked-something like a hundred a week. She may get twenty-five for her voice. It is horrible, but it is

In the meantime the strong man was get-

ting impatient. It may be said that strong men always receive prompt attention al dramatic, agencies. Of course, there are strong men, and others who are still stronger. This particular strong man didn't want to do any more harm than to jump backward over seven chairs and then make plecemeal of the chairs. I believe he was booked, or at all events was requested not to post any more money with the Herald as being the strongest man on earth. Of course, one would expect that the men and women who register at such an agency as I attempt to describe would carry their chracters-their stage characters-in their faces. Quite the contrary is the fact. As sat on the sofa and watched the different men and women come in-lots of women in the morning, and the men in the afternoon -I was much perplexed by the way the persons registered. Some very kindly-look ing old ladies, whom I'm afraid to say were nearing the toothless age, all registered as character actresses. A group of equally old fellows applied for juvenile parts. It seems, then, that the actor never ages. The rush of chorus girls who wanted to play comedy, of variety girls who would do almost anything, and of soubrettes who would try anything, was simply enormous You can't appreciate the enormous amount of desire on the part of these people until

you hear them talk. WHAT A DRAMATIC AGENCY IS. The reason that these dramatic agencies have increased and flourished and are now centered about Herald square is because they are invented to save theatrical managers the bother of filling out their own bills. It isn't exactly the nicest way of putting it, but it is the truest to say that the dramatic agency of to-day is the same as a servant agency. I want a cook or a butler at so much, and she or he has got to be able to do so and so. There you are. The middleman has come to be recognized as a prime factor in matters theatrical. The manner in which plays are put on the stage to-day, the elaboration of detail and the perfection of stage setting demand the entire time and attention of the manager. A lively manager of the day has five, six, eight companies, perhaps, on the road-a road that may lead to fortune or railway ties. His first tenor takes cold, his soubrette gets married, his old man acquires a "jag"-to whom can he turn? His whole mind is given up to his business, his dates and his railway journey. In steps then the dramatic agent, the booking agent whom you have been talking about. You send your dispatch: 'Send me a tenor," "I want a heavy." "Have you got an old man," and so on.
In a day the man, woman or child who
has registered on the books of the agency

and who may suit is fired off to the ex-pectant manager, and a jolly time he has when the new recruit arrives. I don't say

that Rose Coghlan or Minnie Seligman INDIANS WHO BATHE matic agencies, but you would be surprised to know how many other first-class artists depend on them for their bread and butter. So sure, for instance, is the agency run by one Nugent, of which I write, that he has established a regular loan department in connection with the dramatic. "I've got diamonds, a satin brocade gown silk tights"-almost anything that has any int: sic value-and the men

women get fair advances and not too usurious interest from the best agencies. A rum 'un comes along sometimes. "Lend me \$100," said a leading old lady the other day.

"I'm going to buy it with the \$100." This is the busiest season of the year in the booking business. The player tries to be thrifty. He looks ahead as far as he can see. He is looking now for next winter. Every one who has a particle of claim upon managers and the public is now booking for next winter. you don't get your name in early, with your photograph and a description o what you can do (clipped from a country paper) you are apt to miss your next Thanksgiving day dinner. If you are a

"On my wardrobe."

New York Sun.

"Where's your wardrobe?"

pretty young girl you will be well and properly treated by an agency. If you are old and elderly you will be as well received. The musical director may not leave his typewriter for you or the manager get out his imitation pansy from the drawer, but whether you are old or young, male or female, clever or humbug you will surely be accorded a fair snow, registration and trial at the Herald square dramatic bureau. And 'pon my word if you asked me where it was I could only say "Across

the street.' SHOP GIRLS IN TIGHTS. Nice Girls, but Not Especially Fascinating in This Sort of Attire.

People who have leisure, and are fond of

looking in show windows, should not fail

to stroll along Eighth avenue, the Bowery

or Third avenue some pleasant afternoon and look at the pictures of factory girls, shop girls, cigarette hands and other female suffragists of the extreme east and west sides of the town who get themselves photographed in tights. Nothing more incongruous and absurd has ever been evolved from the inner conciousness of the cartoonists than these photographs. Nearly all of the cheaper photographers have a pair of tights and trunks, with a modest bodice, or regulation ballet suit, and this is known to the young woman who has an aspiration to pose before the camera in a dashing style of attire. But, unfortunately, the photographers do not supply slippers, and these important details of the ballet girl's costume are either omitted altogether or else the young woman who poses wears har street boots. This latter custom is the most popular one, and photographs of young women in ballet costumes

ton gaiters, very much run down at the heel, and often with a patch over the little toe. In the majority of instances it has been impossible for the young woman to fasten more than three or four of the buttons, as the tights are of cotton and very much thicker than the hose they usually Nothing more ludicrous than one of these

photographs now on exhibition in the Bowery can be imagined. It represents a young woman of unquestioned respectability and virtue, who has a prim mouth, an aquiline nose and a manner of great propriety and reserve. She is precisely like the "perfect lady" the variety actresses occasionally mimic on the stage. She is dressed in a suit of tights, with trunks, and a bodice cut low in the neck and short in the arms. is a curious fact that nearly all of these East-side beauties feel no hesitancy at all about making a lavish exposure of their legs, but are exceedingly reserved and touchy about exposing their necks. The young woman in question has overcome her scruples in this respect by tying what is unquestionably a towel over her corsage where it is cut low in the neck and draping a little lace over the towel. This would never have been discovered but for the roughish tips of the towel, which disclose where it has been tied behind the neck. The woman stands on one leg, with the other leg elevated and held up by an entirely visible cord, which is suspended from the ceiling. The arms are held aloft and bowed gracefully over her head, and she is supposed to be making a rapid whirl with one leg extended, which is the climax of the ballet dancer's performance. The contour of her underpinning is something marvelous and beyond description. Having no slippers, she had, like the majority of posers, put on her street shoes over her tights, and in posing her the photographer had, without any apparent malice, swung the extended foot around toward the camera, so that in the picture the foot appears to be about three times its natural size, and every detail of the overrun, misshapen, and irregular-looking boot is exposed to view. It looks precisely as though she were holding a gigantic street shoe in the point of her toe for the amusement of the public. In all of these photographs, and there

are hundreds of them-the most grotesque effect is produced by the expression of solemnity and gloom upon the faces of the subjects. Many of the girls assume a position of more or less languid repose upon hair-cloth sofas, or upon a large chair over which a rug or shawl has been thrown. It is a popular belief that among the working girls in New York there are many examples of great beauty of face and figure, while casual observation in the streets would certainly strengthen this belief. But the pictures of the girls who pose for the photographers show no beauty at all. Once in a while a young woman with a symmetrical pair of legs has herself photographed in a dozen different positions, but the poses are invariably awkward and nearly always ridiculous, while the glaring defects of form in other respects go to show that the stories which the managers tell of the difficulty of securing well-shaped chorus girls are not exaggerated.

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS.

A Comparison of the Two Men by Horace White, Who Knew Both.

Kate Field's Paper. "Did you compare the two men?" "Indeed I did. All my sympathies were enlisted with Lincoln. This fact predisposed me to underrate Douglas's powers. looking backward I now think that Doug las's intellectual gifts at least equaled Lincoln's, while his pers nal magnetism and his power to command men were far greater. On the other hand, Lincoln's moral superiority was such as to dwarf Douglas. incoln never could deceive anyone in dehate nor would be allow anyone to be deceived if he could help it. Douglas was a master of trickery, and dealt it out everywhere at all times.

"Didn't he know how to be honest? "The fact is that Douglas was riding two horses at once-North and South. Decep-

tion was inevitable. "Did he fool himself?" "No. The time came when Douglas showed all of his power without resorting to subterfuge. That was in the spring of 1861, when secession became an accomplished fact. Then Douglas returned to Illinois like a thunder bolt. He was the only man who could insure the support of the Democrats of the West to Lincoln and the cause of the Union. I do not mean to say that Democrats would not have otherwise supported the Union, but I do mean that it was a time of wavering and doubt. and that the trumpet tongue of Douglas was the deciding factor which made the Northwest solid for the Union, For this reason I would now as gladly decorate his grave as that of any soldier sleeping at Arlington.

"Where do you place Lincoln among great Americans? "Next to Washington. Our first President was the greater man because he commanded armies in the field as well as laid the foundations of the Republic. Lincoln had very great trials and he bore them with patience and fortitude beyond all praise, yet I think that Washington's trials were greater and more varied as well as of longer duration. He was the indispensable man of his time. Without him the American cause would have perished fifty fifty times over; but it is useless to set these two great men over against each other. We owe to both of them more than we can ever repay in our reverence and

"Did you think Lincoln ugly physically?" "In a room he was awkward. When speakng his homely features became animated and actually handsome. His action was an. gular but not ungraceful. Thought posttively transformed him.

"What quality of voice had Lincoln?" "A thin, piping treble voice that was heard at a long distance, much further than Douglas's deep, oratorical voice." "Was Lincoln companionable "More so than any man I ever knew. Full

of anecdote, full of the milk of human

kindness, there was no end to his capacity

of entertaining company. His goodfellowship amounted to genius." "How would you sum up Lincoln, Mr. "Now I must absolutely refuse to answer that last question. I must draw the line know that I never allow myself to be interviewed? Do you know that I've done what I vowed I'd never do for anybody? Do you want a complete history of the late war at

one sitting "Certainly, if I can get it. People live on Liebig's extracts of everything nowadays, and I don't 'strike a lead' like you every day, Mr. Editor. However, I'll be merciful and hold my other queries in reerve for next time.'

Not So Lively as Usual.

great party was in power.

Philadelphia Inquirer. The shriek of the Fourth of July eagle wasn't quite as lively as when Uncle Sam's

THE COLUMBIA RIVER RED MEN BE-LIEVE IN WATER AND USE IT.

They Have the Turkish Bath System in a Primitive Way, and Regard It as a Cure-All, Which It Isn't.

Chicago Tribune. Indians do wash. That is, some of them do. It is a curious fact that the Columbia river Indians believe as thoroughly in the efficacy of the hot-air bath and the sudden immersion of the body afterward in cold water as the Turks or the most advanced believers in the Russian and Turkish baths do. To the man who knows only the illsmelling, ill-conditioned Digger, Apache or Piute this will come as a revelation.

The Columbia river Indian is a clean individual. He may not have the tollet articles and clean linen of civilization, but his pores are open, his skin is clear and free from spot or blemish, and he is generally a healthy person. His step is light, his head erect, his eye clear and form wiry, and he probably owes it as much to his hot baths as to the delightful climate in which he lives. These baths the Umatilla, the Wenatchee, Yakima and all the other tribes of the Columbia basin have used always, or so far back in the past that not even the faintest traditions of the tribes tell of their commencement. They take them regularly, once or twice weekly, and always prescribe and use them for sickness, although their ignorance of the various diseases, and their practice of always taking the "bath" as a cure for any disease with which they may be attacked has caused many serious and fatal mistakes in the past by which scores of lives have been lost. Repeated fatalities, however, teach them no lessons. It may be rheumatism or it may be smallpox; it makes no difference to them. The patient must take his "sweat" and his cold plunge, whichever or whatever it is.

The "bath," or, as the few white settlers on the river call it, "Injun sweat house," is simply a hole three feet in diameter and eight feet long, dug horizontally in the sloping bank of the river. It is usual to dig them from thirty-five to forty feet above low water, as river generally rises during June and July from thirty to forty feet, and although high water lasts but ten days to three weeks, yet there would be little left of the "bath" if the flood had a chance at it. The bottom or floor is lined with smooth flat stones, and the walls are hardened as much as possible by the builder lying on his back on the bottom and pounding them with a rock resembling a pestle. After a few baths the walls become as well baked and as hard as brick, and will not only retain the heat for hours, but will stand a wonderful amount of pressure and weight from above.

HOW IT IS DONE. The method of taking a bath is as simple as the "bath" itself. Filling the hole with dry wood it is set afire and in a few minutes is burning fiercely. When the wood has burned out the embers are raked from the hole and the bath is ready. Divesting himself of all his clothing the Indian takes an old blanket and, saturating it thoroughly in the river. spreads it out on the stones of the hole and crawls in feet first. The instant the wet blanket touches the hot stone the hole is filled with steam in which the bather disappears. For several minutes nothing is visible but clouds of steam pouring out of the hole; but after a time that clears away, and within, yet close to the entrance, can be seen the steaming face of the "bath's" occupant. As the hole cools off the Indian crawls further in, and so the majority of the "bucks" remain in all night. Before morning they are well back in the extreme end of the excavation. To witness a "buck" emerge from his bath in the morning one would think it the last effort of a dying man. Too weak to walk or even stand and hardly able to crawl, he manages to slowly drag his body from the hole to the bank, down which he creeps or rolls to the water's edge. Then the transformation takes place. If he is able to stand he will wade in until the water is up to his knees, when in he rolls or plunges. In an instant he is up again, wildly waving his arms and beating his chest, and then he plunges in again, repeatedly, until he has disappeared several times under the icy water, for the Columbia river is icy cold winter or summer, recelving its supply from the snow-clad peaks of its headwaters.

With a bound the "buck" is out on the bank, a new man; like a wildcat he springs up the hillside to the "bath," reaches in, and picking up his blanket wraps it around him, and with a step as light and form as erect as an athlete in training, hurries away to his tepee for breakfast. The taking of his bath is part of his training, and almost of his religion. From early youth he is accustomed to it, and he practices it to his old age. Winter or summer whether it be hot or cold, he takes it. While the squaws do not indulge as frequently or remain in as long as the "bucks" they are required by the customs of their people to regularly go to the bath house and receive its benefits. They usually do not remain in longer than half an hour or perhaps an hour at the longest, and are not required to take the plunge afterward, usually contenting themselves with dipping the blanket in the water and then passing it over their bodies until they become sufficiently cool to walk up to the tepee to

sleep or eat. A SQUAW'S PREDICAMENT. There are times when the squaws are compelled to remain in longer than they are accustomed to. One of these times was when two horsemen, riding up the river near Priest's rapids, saw from a distance, through the glasses of their surveying instrument, which by accident was leveled at the bank close to a "bath," a squaw disappear in the hole. Half an hour afterward both men had dismounted near the "bath," taken out their pipes, and proceeded to take a good long rest. An hour went by and they still remained. and the squaw was compelled to stay in the hot hole, much against her will evidently, for presently she spoke to them long and earnestly, but what she said neither of the men seemed to understand. They questioned her in English, and what she replied they never knew, but whatever it was it became more and more forcible as the minutes went by, and it required another full hour for her meaning -that they should move on-to dawn upon them. When they did mount and proceed on their way the squaw had been in the bath two and a half hours, and was ready to give a year of her life to interview those two men under conditions of her own choosing.

Not all the members of the different tribes live within their several reservations, or have they ever done so. There are many bands consisting of from three to twenty tepees or wigwams, each tepee sheltering from five to twenty persons, that have never lived on a reservation or accepted government aid, but lead a roving life along the Columbia and its cributaries. They live by trapping, hunting and fishing, although many of these bands have large droves of the small. wiry cayuse or Indian pony. Whether in camp or slowly traveling up or down the banks of the river they do not neglect the bath, with the result that the bath holes can be found from one end of the river to the other. The practice of prescribing the bath for any and all the ills that flesh is heir to once caused a loss to one of these roving bands of nearly fifty of its members. Nine years ago an epidemic of measles broke out in the camp, and as usual where so many human beings are crowded together. as in the case of an Indian wigwam, it had spread with great rapidity. Their village was located for the time within a few miles of a white settlement, but it was

several days before news was brought to the settlement of the state of affairs at the camp. The physician who lived there, with several of the residents, started for the camp at once. They found a terrible state of affairs. Nearly forty of the members of the band were dead and the rest were down with the disease and in a fair way of oining the others on their trip to the happy hunting grounds." By hard work on the part of the white settlers fifty-three of the band were saved. Forty-four lives were lost in a few days from trying to cure the measles by using their customary bath. An old ranchman, who was present at the time, in describing the scene, said: "As soon as one of them broke out with the measles he'd take to the first empty sweathouse-and sometimes he'd be com pelled to wait for hours for one to be va-cant-and build his fire. When he got it red hot he would take his wet blanket and disappear in a cloud of steam in the hole, where he would remain all day or all night, as the case might be. They would be so weak when they came out that they

and it dive that the to have been a

could just crawl to the river, and every time one of them struck the cold water he was a dead Injun, sure."

ANIMALS WERE MALEFACTORS.

And Were Tried in Court, and, if Convicted. Put to Cruel Death.

New York Sun. "Animals were prosecuted in courts at justice between the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries for injuries by them to human beings or private property," said a lawyer in speaking of the curiosities of ancient legal procedure and laws, "and were subjected in due form to trial, judyment and sentence-the latter often that of death in some cruel manner. When the animal was capable of physical seizure it was formally arrested and brought before court and then imprisoned in the ordinary prison of the place. The public prosecutor prepared a formal accusation. Witnesses were then examined and their depositions taken as to the truth of the charge. If the charge against the accused beast was sustained, and conviction followed, the court solemnly pronounced sentence upon the culprit, which, if a capital case, was followed by public execution, with great formality. the condemned animal being sometimes dressed in the garb of men. The mode of death was by burning, hanging by the legs,

ment was to be inflicted. "It seems so ridiculous now, that if the facts were not spread on the official records of the courts that took cognizance of the cases, it would not be believed by any one to-day that in France in the latter part of the sixteenth ecntury-1572-seventeen hogs were tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered. the crime alleged against them being the mutilation and devouring of infants in their cradles. Still, when one stops to pender over what must have been the economical condition of the time that the association of swine and sleeping babies was so close that the latter became easy food for the former, it may not need the court records to testify to the peculiar relations of dumb beasts to the laws of that credulous age. In 1493, near Dijon, a bull, enraged by a lad who insisted on fishing through a field in which the animal was pasturing, charged upon the boy and placed him forever beyond the pale of the angling brotherhood. The bull was arrested, trie and convicted, the accusation against him being that he had 'furiously killed a young lad of fourteen or fifteen years." sentenced to be publicly hanged until dead, and he was. Even horses were visited with capital punishment in France for killing

mutilation or maiming, according to the

gravity of the offense for which punish-

or maining of human beings. "In Sardinia the law was also very rigorous against animals, and judicial punishment was visited against all offenders except the ass. This animal, for some reason, seems to have escaped the death penalty for his offenses. For the first offense one of his ears was cut off. For the second his other ear was chopped from his head, and if he was incorrigible and taken a third time charged with crime he was declared forfeit to the crown. This, at this distant day, doesn't seem to reflect much credit on the crown, for presumably the punishment for a third offense is greater than that inflicted for the first or second. In what estimation must the crown have been held in Sardinla 500 years ago, if it were greater punishment for a mula to belong to it than it was to have both

ears cut off. "But, compared with other presecutions and procedures under the law at that time, these and similar actions became rational and of good cause. Thus, in cases where physical seizure of the offender was impossible or impracticable, and its appearance in court not to be had, the law handed the malefactor over to the ecclesiastical authorities to be dealt with. Such offenders were locusts, rats, flies, caterpillars, and the like of such things, which went about without the fear of the law before them, devouring the crops and pestering the people. Judgment against these offending outlaws was fiercely hurled in the shape of anathema and malediction. In the prosecution of culprits such as these, legal forms were observed, and the accused were assured the right of assignment of counsel for their defense. One of the latest cases of this kind on record is a prosecution brought against caterpillars in Valence in 1585. This was argued with the greatest solemnity, and taxed the learning of both lawyers and ecclesiastics, so acute were the many points of law that were urged pro and con. The legal and ecclesiastical battle over the caterpillars lasted so long that when the case was closed and the court ready to pronounce its judgment it was found that the accused, having got through with their work of devastation had disappeared from the jurisdiction of all

"In 1510 prosecution was entered against a horde of rats that were eating up the barley in the south of France. The rats were defended by the great lawyer of that day, Chaseneux. He urged in behalf of his clients that there was no legal mode of preventing them from returning to the place whence they had come, and that there was no way open to them where cats might not lie in wait. Besides his legat points he brought many Scriptural arguments to bear in favor of the rats, and he won the case. The prosecution fell, and the rats were ordered to return to their native place at once. The record does not say how the judgment was received by the devastating rodents.

"In 1560 a pest of small flies which was prosecuted at Mayence escaped the dire effects of anathema by the skillful handling of their case by counsel, who defended them on the plea of their extreme youth and small size! This struck the learned and plous court as irrefutable argument, and he ordered that, if the flies were driven away, those driving them must provide them a spot to which they could retire and live comfortably.

"It was not until 1587 that a sense of the utter ridiculousness and folly of all this kind of procedure broke upon the authores, and the awakening came during the trial of a case against certain insects that had attacked the vines in Savoy. The counsel defending the insects was so acute and full of resource that the prosecutor became exhausted in trying to meet and refute his arguments, and made the official tender of the right to the accused insects of retiring to a certain locality. Counsel for the defense asked and received a delay in the proceeding to consider this offer. Two days later they came into court and declined the offer in the name of their clients, because the land was sterile in the locality proposed, and produced absolutely nothing upon which their clients could subsist. On this the prosecutor joined issue, and a jury of experts was summoned to decide it. It was during the session of this jury that a citizen of common sense, far in advance of his time, showed by argument and ridicule how silly all such proceedings were, and the jury so reported. That is the last case of the kind on record, and the revolutions starting from the jury of experts in the vine pest case resulted in the repeal of all animal prosecuting laws and the substitution of the present of procedure against

the owners of offending animals Mill Girls.

Lippincott's for July. In the great carpet mills of Philadelphia, where, it is claimed, more carpet is made in a single ward than in the whole of England, the actual competition of women with men is a marked feature; in many cases they earn equal pay for the same work. In these mills the burlers earn from \$6 to \$10 a week. They work from 7 in the morning till 6 at night, with half an hour off for dinner. Those who do not live at home can get good board for \$3 a week, leaving quite a wide margin for dress or for savings. It would be of great benefit to them they could acquire the habit of systematic saving, but to this they are generally averse. Some of them do save, however, and it is no uncommon thing for a mill girl to save \$300 or \$400 before marriage. The first few years of married life are safely tided over by the united savings of the couple, and it is unusual for the children not to begin work by the time they are fourteen. They can then earn \$2.50 and upwards, and this sum, as a rule, goes into the family treasury. Thus there will often be five or six bread-winners in the family, and, if thrifty, a neat little sum may be laid away. Thrift and economy are, however, rather exceptional virtues among the mill workers. They eat twice a day the most expensive meat (16c and 18c per pound) and pay extravagant sums for early vege-

He Ought to Travel West. New York Sun.

"It 's a long time," said a traveling man, "since I have seen a linen duster of the old-fashioned kind, which wrinkled and creased whenever you sat down on it, especially if the weather was a little damp, and which looked after you had been a hundred miles or so in it as though you had worn it around the world seventeen times, all the way by rail, and had sat up

Naturally Follows.

still worn."

"Higgamore can put all his household goods into one truck wagon." 'Higgamore is a sensitive soul, isn't he?" "So easily moved. See?"

in it all the time; but alpace dusters are

Chicago Tribune.